

VOL. XI.-No. 284.

AUGUST 16, 1882.

Price, 10 Cents.



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1876.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

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THE IRREPRESSIBLE LOG.

DEMOCRATIC BEAR:—"If it wasn't for that Log, I'd have had that honey long ago, and the more I thrust it away the harder it hits me!"

PUCK.

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NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00
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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Horrors! Mr. Henry George was arrested twice last week. Isn't it awful? Please light a sulphur match under the dear old eagle, and make him scream. Pull his pinfeathers out, and call his attention to the gore that is trickling from Ireland's bruised heart. Set off a fire-cracker and inquire what has become of the grand old-fashioned patriotism and are we sinking to the depths of cowardly degradation? Somebody go and look up the old tocsin, and run it out and sound it. The band will now advance and play "Yankee Doodle," and Minister Lowell will be drawn and quartered in the presence of the entire American public. A great outrage has been committed on a citizen of the United States!

Well, what was Mr. George doing in Ireland? Mr. George has written and talked very freely upon the subject of Ireland's rights and Ireland's wrongs, and it is only fair to suppose that Mr. George knows that Ireland is to-day, to all intents and purposes, a proscribed district, a part of the British Empire in a state of rebellion, or what is practically rebellion. If so, what business has he there? He is an American citizen, as we understand it. Then his business is in America. If he wishes to travel for his pleasure, he may make a tour in Germany or France or Belgium. He has no more right to thrust himself into a place where a riot is going on than he has to lodge in a thieves' kitchen. In the one case or the other, he is likely to be taken up for a suspicious character; and his explanation that he is there only to study human nature and to judge for himself of the propriety of the repressive measures of the Government may go for what it is worth.

Mr. James G. Blaine can scarcely be congratulated on the results of his South American policy. Perhaps it was not so bad as it might have been; perhaps our friend Mr. Perry Belmont took a desponding view of it; but, at the best, we cannot well call it a grand success, and it was a very small bluff for a large amount of guano, when you come to look at it dispassionately. The trouble with Mr. Blaine's policy was that it began too far down. Instead of getting up an elaborate *Crédit Mobilier* policy for South America, he should have confined himself to a good solid little Monroe doctrine policy for the Central American States and Mexico. That was the card Mr. Blaine should have played.

Guano doesn't fire the national heart to any great extent. What with local production and the menhaden fisheries, we are doing very well, thank you, and our blood isn't boiling, you know, just because a French-American doesn't get the guano he thought he was going to do the innocent natives out of. If you want to get a whoop out of the American eagle, stick Guatemala and Nicaragua at him. There is good reason for a lively vigorous Central American policy. Nicaragua has been revolution-

izing and re-revolutionizing and re-revolutionizing until there is not a whole bone in her body politic; and she would welcome peace and an American protectorate, lightning-rod agents and a whack at the River-and-Harbor Bill with absolute delight. And as to Nicaragua, we want Nicaragua badly for purposes of—well, irrigation. Besides, we shall need them both as soon as we have annexed Mexico—and that good time should not be long coming. All of which is respectfully submitted to future Secretaries of State.

A gigantic robbery had certainly been committed, a most successful burglary. The safe had been broken open and all the money in it carried off. Uncle Sam, the proprietor, came upon the scene and viewed with consternation the havoc and ruin spread before him. The first thing he did was to communicate with the police. Superintendent Puck, armed with club and bull's-eye lantern, was at the scene of the crime.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Uncle Sam.

Puck let the rays of light from his bull's-eye fall on a broken plank of the flooring. There was a hole in it large enough for a man to pass through. Then Puck looked at the window and found a long ladder reaching to the ground.

"This is the work of professionals," said Puck: "and it's a very clean job of its kind. I think I know the thieves."

Of course we know the thieves. There they are running away with the swag. You can see some of them, even now, getting down the ladder; but they have arranged matters so carefully that they can scarcely be prevented from escaping. One cannot help admiring the ingenious manner in which the robbery was carried out. The thieves managed to occupy a building called Congress. They then made a hole in the ceiling, got through it into the United States Treasury, forced open the safe, stole all the money it contained, and escaped through the window by the Adjournment ladder. We have said that the burglars are known—and, being known, it may be asked why they cannot be punished as other thieves sometimes are. The reason is that a Congressional robber is a privileged character; in fact, the greater the amount he steals, the more privileged he is.

But there is a way of punishing the gang, if the people will but take the trouble to do it. It is in not allowing any of the men who have been concerned in the robberies to enter the Capitol at Washington again as legislators. The country surely wants honest men to make its laws and handle its finances, and not swindlers and burglars. But some of the guilty parties—the Senators especially—will sit in the next Congress, and may have an opportunity of repeating this performance of theirs. Neither the law nor the Constitution can prevent this; but we don't think it would be a bad idea if all honest voters in the country were to call upon the Senators and Congressmen who voted for the River and Harbor Bill and other monstrous jobs, to resign the trust they have so shamelessly abused. This suggestion may seem Utopian, but it ought to be acted upon.

More wretched politics. As we can't get away from them, we must make the best of the situation and have our little say about the matter. We do not care a lead nickel whether the Governor of this state or the Mayor of this city calls himself a Republican or a Democrat, so long as he is an honest man. But we are aware that there are very many people to whom this question is a matter of the first importance.

These people are pretty evenly matched in numbers in both parties. They want to get the offices in their hands to steal, cheat and bribe, not for the purpose of seeing that the government of the city and state is properly administered. The oilymargarine Democrat John Kelly, with his 60,000 Tammany Bashibazouk voters, at present blocks up the state hive of wild honey patronage, and the Democratic Bear proper, finds, in pushing the obstruction back, that the weight pendulously swings back with a "sickening thud" against his paws. Mr. John Kelly, as we know, is always ready to dispose of his following to the highest bidder. The question now arises: which party is to secure him this time?

And now while the city dog-catcher grabs his victim by the *finis* and hurls him rudely into the clumsy structure euphemistically known as a wagon, the dweller in the rural districts exerteth himself in a wild chase after the everlasting shekel—that magnetic little golden bee that flies all over and never pauses much anywhere. The method employed by the ruralite is simple and well known. He rents all his rooms to city people, and lives on the roof and in the barn himself. He packs all his family in the chimney or down in the cellar, the sickly members going on the roof for air and the healthy ones being hung up in the cellar on nails like hams.

The farmer is good-natured, and likes to see people enjoy themselves. He likes to see them sociable, and that's why he puts half a dozen corpulent persons in a small room to get acquainted. They have lots of fun when the room is small, for every time they crack at a mosquito they drive their hands through the looking-glass, and only two can dress at a time, and they have to stick their heads out of the window to tie their cravats. And when they all start to put on clean shirts together and get lost in the bodies, there is lots of fun. But when the mosquitos get to work, some one generally escapes, and he is the lucky man. If city people would only live on the roof in Winter and rent all their rooms to farmers, it wouldn't be much funnier than the reverse, because it couldn't be.

We open our forms at the last moment to comment on the enthusiastic

ACCEPTANCE

by the people of the entire country, of a publication of distinguished merit. We do not allude to a new story by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist

OF THE

sensational Southron, nor to any startling narrative of rural life in England, with descriptions of fox-hunting over

HILLSDALES

and meadows; nor yet to any of those marvellous poetical productions of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, which

CHALLENGE

comparison with any of the great works of antiquity; any more than to those dainty and effeminate social satires, which, ruled out

BY THE

yard by Mr. Henry James, the great ex-American, do much to delight the god-like *Saturday Review* and fill with happiness the grand old

BRITISH

heart. Not at all. We refer to the

THIRD

outburst of popular feeling, which has necessitated a new

EDITION

of that sweetest boon yet granted to an appreciative world

OF

eager readers by their good genius, the immortal

PUCK

who, in putting forth his Summer book has wisely relied

ON

the good taste of a nation that grows greater and grander every time the earth

WHEELS

on its axis; for that nation has walked right up to the counter and paid the

PRICE,

and would have paid it had it been \$250 instead of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THE ARTICLE HE SORN.

Editor of Puck—

I sorn an article in your paper that must have been written by a very young man and would be funny if there was any in it, that is if it was applicable. Let us give credit where it is due. As England is only fighting for the benefit all all nations and with her motto, that whatever priviledges She enjoy's all must injoy the same, that was the cry in India about 25 years ago when she was at ware with India its population was 160,000 000. It was only about 25 years ago when England was at war with China its Population 400 000 000. It was only about 25 years ago that England was at war with Rushia with her population of 70 000 000. It was only a few years ago that England was at war with Abisinia 4 000 000 population or 10 I forget. It was only a Short time ago when England was at war with Afica & then the Boars in Africa. It was only about sixteen ago that Englund the 100 condemned Americans thot were to be shot, She did it at a risk of a war with Spane with her 27 000 000 population and during the whole time Ireland was howling and threatening—Please let the young man count up the Population of these small countries that England has had to keep for the benefit of the world in Order—

The article I sorn was that Greet Britten is now engaged in a fight of rather larger dimentions than she is acustomed to indulge in, I could not see how he could wish her to be ingoged in a larger one—

As it was only a Short time ago when we expected the whole of Eurape to get in a war & England Sent 6 Spips up the Dardinells at a risk of a new war with Russia and perhaps other Notians. At the time the Turks protested against the Ships soiling up, but they did

I suppose you know it all as well as I do

A reader of your paper

As we are now in debt to England for all the priviledges we now engoy I think we should be thankful and all civilised Notions should, If it was not for her we would have the Seas full of Pirates, we might safely say that She acts as Poliece for the world at her own expense

Your pleesin epistol Mr. reder has Received dew attencion and we hav ast our yung man Wot he ment—he ses yore figgers has ben standin in the Sun and hes got sweld end eniwa r wite Man is worth 10 undisserplaned nigers and England never run no resk of no wor with Spane she had a Corner in garlick at the time And ware is Spane withot garlick and as four roosher wich we are sory to sea you spel Rushia she let the french do her fiten four her wich is all the fiten she was ingajed in and—look here, gentle stranger, your spelling is clear and correct alongside of your logic. We will answer your letter—not for your benefit, for you will have to be born again and shingled through a liberal education before you will be fit to understand what you read—not for your benefit; but for the benefit of others, we will reply to the two stupid old, moth-eaten, tired, baggy-at-the-knees-and-frayed-around-the-bottoms arguments that you have raised up from the dust of the ages to fling at us.

In the first place, disabuse your mental vacuum of the idea that anybody is prejudiced against your beloved country. In one sense, Englishmen are of all the world the nearest of kin to our own people. But there is no reason for overlooking the obvious faults of the English—and there is an appalling obviousness about English faults, by the way. Your true Briton is fonder of his bad qualities than of his good.

It is impossible to deny the fact that England's recent wars have brought her small credit. Not since the first of the century has she met in the field a first-class Power. Her battles have been, for the most part, with small nations or with people of inferior races. In her one important struggle she was allied with France; and France was not idle. England's performance five years ago was a shameless piece of bluff, which called for more cunning than courage. And she enters into this present war—if war it can be called—with every assurance that she is running the minimum of risk, and with every chance of making the maximum of profit.

This is the plain, unvarnished truth, dealt out to you in the rough, and guaranteed to stand washing. And the wars we speak of, and the

threats of wars have almost all been selfish and aggressive. As to that baldheaded nonsense about acting as the police of the world, even a man like you, who spells by ear and is deaf, ought to know that that is too thin a card to play on a civilized community. England does police-duty pretty much as the average New York policeman does *his* duty—tyrannizing over personal enemies who are too weak to resist. Police? Keep in order? Does even a man of your intellectual paralysis imagine that these poor little remote nations would annoy others if they were let alone? Pirates? Yes, the Boers were regular old cut-throat, slashing, walk-the-plank pirates, weren't they? And the Afghans, they sailed into New York Harbor and attacked you and knocked your hat over your eyes, didn't they, Mr. "reader"?

Gentle stranger, a babe could make a better brain than yours out of two sponges and a cup-custard. Go to a lunatic asylum, get elected king of the inmates, and "engoy" all the "priviledges" you please, save the "priviledge" of writing to us.

THAT VETO.

The Congress that passed that bill over the President's veto did not represent the honest spirit of the country. It did not represent us. Every dollar that it has voted touches us. PUCK does not wear extensive or expensive clothes; but it increases the tax on our coat and hat. It adds to the cost of our printing, machinery, our type, our ink, our paper, our colors, our lithographic stones, our Spring poems, and our patent bouncer. It injures our business and reduces our profits. This is one of the reasons why we complain; this is one of the reasons why we have protested against the outrage. But selfish motives alone do not inspire us. We deplore the fact that so many voters should have sent thieves and swindlers to Congress to legislate for them. As the *Herald* very truly says: "That unparalleled villainy, the Pension Bill, the River and Harbor Bill, the Tariff Commission Bill, planned to continue the extortion from the people of an excessive revenue, were simply equivalent to the appropriation of one hundred and fifty million dollars to sustain the Republican party. That is what the money goes for." Yes, this is what the money goes for; and although, happily, we are not constitutional lawyers, we don't see why there should not be a chance of snatching some of the booty from the clutches of the thieves. The veto was overridden in an obviously fraudulent manner by Congressional confidence men in collusion, their brother members "pairing" in such a way for the two-thirds vote that for a single, weak or knavish member to pair off as against the River and Harbor Bill was equivalent to his voting in favor of it. Lawyers, and especially Cabinet lawyers, are ever ready to question the constitutionality of Acts of Congress; why then, in this instance, do they not display their acumen by taking the necessary proceedings to prevent the Secretary of the Treasury from paying out the appropriations called for by the River and Harbor Bill? It is an appropriation obtained by fraudulent "pairing." Fraud is supposed to vitiate any contract; why cannot fraud vitiate the River and Harbor Bill burglary?

MESSRS. JOHN L. SULLIVAN AND TUG WILSON might be usefully employed by the government in clearing out West Point of its cadets and "knocking them out" at the same time, to make way for youths who have not the manners and aspirations of denizens of the Sixth Ward.

Puckeringings.

A JOINT BENEFIT—A mutton chop.

IT IS THE MAN with a swelled jaw who realizes that Silence is Golden.

HE MUST BE A SLOW EDITOR who writes only twenty-four "Our's" in a day.

IT IS NOW that the economical young man wears a celluloid collar, but smokes fifteen-cent cigars all the same.

A BALTIMORE GIRL at Cape May wears a red-white-and-blue bathing suit, and when a shark chased her the other day she said he came for a close shave.

IF CITIZENS would club all the policemen they found standing on the steps of corner gin-mills the whole force would soon consist of nothing but sore heads.

IT HAS COME OUT at this late date that Walter Malley writes music. Had this fact been mentioned on the trial, the verdict—but let us leave him to his own conscience.

"WELL, YES, I *was* something of a free-trader, but if that horrid creature Langtry is coming over here I am going in for protection. Oh, I wish we women had the making of the tariff." —Anna Dickinson.

"MY TEETH are all full of sand," said the fairest bather in the surf.

"All right, hand them out," said an admirer: "and I'll rinse them off for you."

And now she regards him only as a brother.

THE SLAUGHTER among the Egyptian troops at Alexandria would have been greater, and a troublesome campaign and bombardment perhaps avoided if the British Government had been astute enough to see that the Egyptian soldiers were armed with toy pistols.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is shortly to visit Long Branch, and, no doubt, the hotels will use him as an advertisement and raise the rates during his stay. The stage-drivers will probably advance their prices, and beer will go up, and the man who plays roulette will only get two for one on the double O. Chowder will become more expensive and clamless, and the man with the fifty-cent bathing suits to hire will probably raise his prices sufficiently to enable him to buy out a plumbing establishment in the Winter. And ice—but no one at Long Branch will be able to have ice during the President's stay; for yea, verily, he equaleth Oscar Wilde, Tug Wilson and Jumbo put together.

REPARTEE.

NEW YORK, August, '82.

DEAR AUGUSTA:

Where did you put my diamond studs? I am going to Coney Island on Wednesday with a very nice girl—strawberry blonde with blue eyes.

Ever your loving

HUBBY.

SARATOGA, August, '82.

DEAR AUGUSTUS:

I brought the studs with me for safe-keeping; and have just lent them to the Count di Spaghetti, who is going to take me out driving—a real darling genuine count, with the loveliest, softest black moustache.

Ever your own little

WIFFY.

TRUE ECONOMY AND B. FRANKLIN.

Economy is a great thing, but it does not consist, as many good people believe, in securing things cheap or getting them for nothing. The cheapest things are generally the ones that cost the most. It costs about six thousand dollars to get a good art education in Germany, while St. Louis claims to give you one for something like a thousand, and not take you away from your business while you are receiving it. When you learn to paint in Germany your figures do not bear that stiff, painful resemblance to red-white-and-blue toys, peculiar to the masterpieces of the graduates of our provincial *Louvers*. The St. Louis graduate will get up a landscape as gaudy as a dry-goods clerk's Sunday clothes. He will make the trees as green as a gaming table, the egg-plants as purple as Hamlet's stockings, (when black isn't the rage,) and a sky as effulgent as a tomato omelette. Color is his hold; he doesn't know how to draw, which accomplishment should at least be an essential in art. His perspective is so bad that it destroys your peace of mind to look at it, because the floor melts so gradually into the wall that you can only tell them apart by the carpet and the paper. And then the dog always looks as though he sticks to the floor by holding on to the Brussels with his teeth, and the piano seems to be on the point of falling on the ceiling. That's the kind of picture you may learn to paint in the provinces; but you will find it much dearer than the experience you glean abroad for thrice the amount, because you will never get a hold—unless it is a chance to hold on to your pictures for life. While many of our best artists were educated abroad, it cannot be said that any of the best foreign artists were educated here, and it is pretty certain that Meissonnier and Gérôme fetch higher prices in this country than Smith and Brown, of St. Louis, do in France.

There is not much economy in purchasing things because they are cheap. The two-dollar Derby turns yellow, and has to be painted with ink every morning on the binding, which always wears through in a month. The ten-cent pair of socks may look all right, but you can't use them twice successfully, unless you remain seated while you wear them. Five-dollar trousers bag at the knees the first time you sit down in them. Two-dollar shoes run right over at the heels, and won't take anything better than that smoky, pearl-gray-fog shine peculiar to a kitchen range. The ten-cent novel always does the most injury to the reader, unless it be the standard work in a cheap form which is printed so fine that it ruins your eyes.

It costs a great deal more to spend two weeks in the country with an intimate friend than it does to go to a first-class hotel. When you go to the hotel, you may do just as you please: flirt with all the girls, play cards, stay away from

church on Sunday, come in at any hour of the morning in any condition that strikes your fancy, and no one says anything about it one way or the other.

But is it so when you visit your intimate friend in the country? It is not. Your intimate friend in the country has a wife who goes to church three times a day, and would like to go four. And she has a lot of daughters whose only brother is too young to take them around, and is glad of it. Consequently you have to travel on your good behavior, and take the old lady to church when you know the cool of a wood with a trout-brook in it is what you need most. And you have to put fifty cents in the plate for appearance's sake.

Then you have to hire dog-carts to take the young ladies around, and the one you would rather take than all the rest put together is usually sick.

Then when she isn't sick, and can go with you, her mother wants to have some fabric matched at the village, and you have to take her along and listen while she does all the talking.

Then you are obliged to play croquet and checkers, and get up when the bell rings and you feel like taking a sleep. And, yea, verily you are obliged to destroy your conscience in more ways than one. You have to say you never had such a time in your life before, while you inwardly trust you never may again. And

you have to eulogize the chicken that ought to be served with an axe, and seems to be full of springs to make it noiseless. You can always tell it is a Spring chicken, because it goes through six or seven Aprils before you become personally acquainted with it. Well, when you come to figure up, you find you have spent more money on carriages and ice-cream and miscellaneous presents than you would have given for first-class accommodations at a hotel, and you decide that next year you will try a different kind of economy.

Then in the Winter some members of that identical family come to see you in the city, and you have to take them to theatres, hops and parties when you would rather be doing something else. You have to neglect your business to take them riding, and they are always coming out with a lot of provincialisms that cause you to tremble when any one calls. And they don't know anything about poker, and they generally stay three months, and get way ahead of you.

When economy grows out of poverty it is all right. It then becomes a duty. But a man with ten thousand dollars a year trying to get free tickets to a theatre is an abomination. The meanest thing on earth is a rich man trying to get his luxury for nothing.

Benjamin Franklin was a very saving man. He once got off a "Puckering" that is going to live:

"Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." But Benjamin had the right idea of economy. He never got the brakeman to let him ride in the baggage-car for nothing, because he knew that he would have to treat the brakeman out of courtesy and gratitude. And he knew that there was a sample-room at each station, and he also knew that the brakeman would take twenty-five-cent brandy every time, and that he would thus pay at the rate of six or eight cents a mile when the law allows only about three.

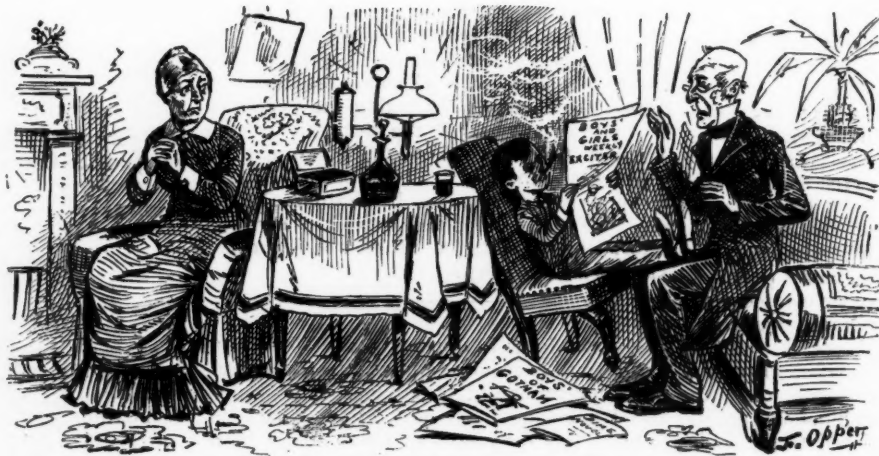
Benjamin Franklin always paid fifteen cents when he got shaved; and he had bay-rum put on his face, and would have had his moustache waxed if he had had one. He knew he could save money by the operation. He didn't mind being talked to death by the barber, so long as there was any money in it. He had tried shaving himself, and found it

to be a losing game. Every time he would put his razor to his face the small boy would grab him by the long coat, and Benjamin's face would be temporarily ruined, and so would the boy's back. Then his landlady, who made his gruel thinner because he hadn't paid his board up to date, took advantage of his position and used his lathering-brush in the mucilage, drove picture-nails into the walls with his strop, and ripped up tacks, opened boxes of sardines, and hard clams, and cleaned

IMPROVEMENT OF THE INFANT MIND.



Years ago we used to give the children something solid and improving to read—



—but that was before the advent of those delightful "Boys' Papers."

fish with his razor. Then she painted sunflowers on his mug, and washed the dog with his shaving-soap, and tried to make the same quadruped redolent with the great philosopher's bay-rum. That's why he thought it best to fly to the barber that he knew not of, as a matter of strict economy. And he did save, you may rest assured, for when he went in to save he always succeeded, even if he had to have his white plug hat dyed for the Winter, and smoke cigar-stumps in a pipe, and button his coat way up so that no one would know he didn't own a vest, and wear a pair of cloth uppers over a pair of Oxford ties in cold weather. But that was all right. No one can say that Benjamin Franklin ever begged a free pass to the "Black Crook," or tried to get a season-ticket on a sea-side railroad, or endeavored to secure an overcoat for a favorable newspaper notice, or to put a third-rate tragedian's picture on the front page for ten dollars. No, Benjamin Franklin was not that sort of man, or he would never have had a Square named after him in this or any other city.

A dollar straw hat will have to be replaced twice during the Summer, while a two-dollar one will last you two Summers, if you happen to be careful or hard up.

A free bath may be all right, but it gets you in with such a crowd that after you come out you have to go right off and pay a dollar for another bath, of Turkish origin.

When a man loses five dollars on a horse-race, it does him no good in the way of a lesson. He has to lose five dollars a day for a long while before his eyes are opened, and thus he loses much valuable time. Now, if he would go and wager a thousand dollars at once, he would

get enough experience and knowledge for his money in about 1:41 $\frac{3}{4}$ to last him all his life.

When you want to get on the good side of a girl, give her the best French candy you can get for money, at the best place. It will be all right after you are married to buy her broken mixed candy on Grand Street, for thirty cents a pound—if you get her any at all. Yes, it is always economy to get the dearest things, except in the matter of your wife's

LEFT!



"OH! HOW COULD THEY HAVE THE HEART TO RETIRE WITHOUT RETIRING US?"
(They come to the conclusion that Republics are ungrateful.)

bonnet, for no matter how much or how little that costs, she will want a new one just as often.

The five-dollar watch is not economical, except that no one will steal it. It will cause you to miss trains and your dinner, and make you appear poverty-stricken. It will look like a blacking-box, and, while you may use it for a sinker when you go fishing, without injuring it, yet no conscientious pawnbroker will give you anything on it but a reprimand for wasting his time.

The highest-priced things are always the best, and that's the reason we all enjoy riding in a hack at the sea-side so hugely.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A PHILADELPHIA MILLIONAIRE has a cellar with walls handsomely painted in chaste classic designs, depicting all the gods and goddesses. The object of this is to gently lure him off the Christian religion to a system less suggestive of violent blasphemy, when he goes down with a candle in one hand and a plate of pickles in the other, and puts his slippered feet into two inches and seventeen demi-semi-centimetres of cool, refreshing water.

THERE is a noble coal-mine owner in London who has had his coronet put on his coal-carts. We knew it would come to this when her Most Gracious Majesty, Mrs. G., consented to farm out the royal arms to decorate chow-chow bottles.

THE SULTAN has at last proclaimed Arabi Bey a rebel, and Arabi Bey has proclaimed the Sultan a vacillating, pie-eating, freight-handling aesthete.

BALLADE OF A VARIETY ACTRESS.

To F. D. S., on Reading the "Ballade of a Coquette."

She wears but scanty clothes—nay, hush!—
Her costume is extremely light,
A sort of sash of velvet plush
With silver stars and spangles bright;
I've only seen her in this slight
Stage costume—never when she wore a
Cold-weather dress: I know by sight
Her famous photograph by Mora.

They say that she creates a rush
At Tony Pastor's—oft a fight;
She warbles like a brown-throat thrush—
She throws her feet an awful height:
For, once, I know, one foot was quite
Above her head, and one hand bore a
Cigar—it's down in black and white—
Her famous photograph by Mora.

Much mashed upon her? I should blush!
I'm in a wildly love-lorn plight;
It's a most hopeless case of crush,
Each day five sonnets I indite.
I am resolved!—I'll see her spite
Of scanty pockets, and I'll roar a
Terrific "Bis!" and buy to-night
Her famous photograph by Mora.

ENVOI.

Reader, perhaps you think I'm tight—
I'm not; but really it might floor a
St. Anthony, that picture might—
Her famous photograph by Mora.

E. G. B.

BALLADE OF AN UNKNOWN.

Suggested by a Ballade in the "Century."

A sensuous love-light in her eye
Awakes your soul to fond romance,
And dreams of Summer, earth and sky
Are born beneath her gentle glance;
How oft I've felt the subtle trance
Beside her cheek, by nature tinted!
To meet her I've not had the chance,
Falk's camera has shown her printed.

I've looked at her, and with a sigh
I wished myself in sunny France
With her to live, with her to die,
And as my knight to wield my lance,
To mingle with her in the dance
In measures merry and unstinted—
To meet her I've not had the chance,
Falk's camera has shown her printed.

To win so pure a prize I'd vie
With rivals all who madly prance;
Unto her inmost bower I'd hie,
And revel in her necromance;
I'd don my brand-new Sunday "pants"
If for my love she even hinted—
To meet her I've not had the chance,
Falk's camera has shown her printed.

L'ENVOI.

Poets, whose rhymes your thoughts enhance,
Compared to hers, all eyes have squinted—
To meet her I've not had the chance,
Falk's camera has shown her printed.

H. R.

BALLADE OF IMMORTAL BEAUTY.

An Ascription to an Angelic Anachronism.

She heads a band of gilded youth;
They're tried in faith, but not so few;
She'll drink with them—her tap's vermouth—
She'll dance with them till dawn and dew.
Yet so she did—I know it true—
When all our oaks were acorn kernels,
When "Belle Hélène" was almost new,
And all the bands played "Morning Journals."

She laughs—and every dainty tooth
Flashes a challenge into view;
She smiles—her eye hath less of ruth,
But fadeless keeps its wondrous blue
As when—ere she with me was through—
Egad, we too can't be eternal—
When "Belle Hélène" was almost new,
And all the bands played "Morning Journals."

Sometimes the fit survive, in truth;
Each snare she's 'scaped and every slough
Of life, nor lines nor folds uncouth
Dares Time upon her features strew;
And every air and grace *frou frou*
She keeps as hardiest of nocturnals—
When "Belle Hélène" was almost new,
And all the bands played "Morning Journals."

ENVOI.

For once I think *Te Deum* due;
For her some tasteful power supernal's,
Protected since "Hélène" was new,
And all the bands played "Morning Journals."

A. E. WATROUS.

HE WANTED INSTRUCTION, BUT DIDN'T GET IT.

While one of our swellest architects was sitting in his office the other morning, reading a newspaper, a rather lonesome-looking man entered, and said:

"Do you ever teach the architect business?"

"I frequently take boys, and instruct them in the art of making plans and specifications," responded the architect, as he turned the paper.

"That kinder knocks me out," piped the stranger, wearily: "but I just thought I'd sorter drop in and get the lay of the land. *Tumblesvous?*"

"I scarcely catch your meaning, sir," replied the architect, testily: "have you a son whom you desire to place under me for instruction?"

"No, I want instruction myself."

"But you are entirely too old to learn."

"No, I'm not, by a long shot. Cowper was fifty before he began to write poetry; Raleigh was pretty well advanced in years when he learned to smoke; Columbus was old enough to vote when he discovered America and how to make an egg stand like a tailor's bill; Howe was hardly a gosling when he invented the sewing machine; Josh Billings had lost many of his second teeth before he created a reform in spelling; Daguerre was not a boy when he probed the mysteries of photography; Peter Cooper and Samuel J. Tilden were both in their dotage when they learned how to get beaten in a Presidential campaign; all Spring chickens are eight years old when they learn the unpleasant sensation of an axe on the neck, and I think there is some chance for poor little me."

"What is your occupation at present?"

"A burglar!"

"A what?"

"A burglar—a b-u-r-g-l-a-r, burglar; that's what I am, and I ain't ashamed to own my calling. I am only a humble soldier in the great army, to be sure; but I am industrious and full of hope."

"And why do you want to study architecture?"

"To get the hang of the sea-side cottages. I know how the city houses are laid out, because I have frequently been laid out in them myself. I know where all the burglar-alarms are located; I know all the \$2,000 per annum people that are trying to keep up a \$5,000 appearance, with plated ware and furniture on the instalment plan, and a big bill at the butcher's, and the girls' dresses made over, and the old lady dodging around in society, and the old man dodging around to evade the sheriff. I know just the places to strike for a haul, and brown-stone fronts do well enough for the Winter. But for Summer burgling give me the quaint octagonal cottages painted brick-red and bottle-green, with rare exotics set out in butter-tubs, and Eastlake furniture from head to foot, and a *porte cochère*. Those are the places to strike wealth."

"What has architecture to do with such a scheme?"

"A great deal. Without a certain amount of technical knowledge, no burglar, however respectably he may stand in his profession, can hope to cope successfully with the airy fancies and delicate conceits of eccentric architecture, because every cottage is constructed differently. It is very easy to enter, but decidedly difficult to get out. It seems to be but one step from the garret to the cellar, and when you leave a room you find the dog-house instead of a hall-way; and when you evacuate the stoop to step into the dining-room, you find yourself in the cupola. Then, when you want to get out, you can find everything you want except the back door. You can find lots of wine, and bark your shins over a Queen Anne hat-rack, covered

with six-dollar hats, and lie down on a nice soft lounge, or go into the library and read standard works in handsome bindings, but you can't find the door. And then, when the Southern bloodhound lets off a Peruvian bark that gives you a fresh set of chills, and the proprietor comes forth with a gun and treats you to a round of duck-shot, a pretty lively chase begins. The owner, knowing all the rooms, can figure on heading you off anywhere, while you can't tell what you are steering for. You are about as successfully lost as were the Children of Israel, and the only short-cut you get is a cut over the head with a club, as the coachman and the owner's son scoop you up in a lawn tennis net and carry you out to the authorities."

"I have no opening for a pupil," broke in the architect.

"Then why didn't you say so before, and not let me get off such a long toot? I don't think it right to play it so low down on a one-lunged man. But will you give me a few cottage plans to study?"

"No, sir; but I'll send for a policeman if you don't get out."

"Then I'll get out; but come along and join me in a drink; there's nothing mean about me."

The architect frowned.

"In truth," said the burglar: "I came in here to have a plan drawn for a cottage to be done next Summer. I wanted it different from any of the others, and to have lots of room to accommodate my large family, at present living in luxury on the other side."

"Who are you?" asked the architect, with a bland smile.

"You have trifled with my dignity," responded the other, with a graceful wave of the hand: "and you have lost about eight thousand dollars by the operation. You want to know who I am, eh? All right, I'll tell you: I'm Arabi Bey!"

And he strutted proudly out.

M.

AN IDYL OF THE CHOIR.

She sat on the steps of the organ-loft
Just after the second hymn;
And through nave and choir to the cool gray spire
The sound rose faint and dim
As they settled themselves in the church below
For the sermon that followed next,
And I seated myself at the alto's side
As the parson took his text.

I marked the tender flush of her cheek
And the gleam of her golden hair,
The snowy kerchief 'round her neck,
And her throat all white and bare;
A throat so white that indeed it might
An anchorite entice;
And I faintly heard the parson's word
As he preached of Paradise.

My arm stole gently 'round her waist
Until our fingers met;
And a flitting blush made the tender flush
Of her cheek grow deeper yet.
Snowy and fair the hand beneath,
And brown the palm above,
And the brown closed softly over the white
As the parson spoke of love.

Ah, who is wise, when deep-blue eyes
Meet his and look coyly down?
Who would but drink, not care to think
Of envy's jealous frown?
'Twas but to bend till I felt her breath
Grow warm on my cheek, and then
My lips just softly touched her own
As the parson said Amen.

L.

CHICAGO'S BIRTH-LISTS show a great majority of girls.
—Herald P. I.

It is a majority that is measured in feet.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL:

Sandwich.....	\$ 15
Lager	25
Cigar	25
Musicians.....	10
Soft Shell Crabs.....	1.50

\$2.25

MASTER AND SLAVE.



HOW ENGLAND WOULD LIKE TURKEY TO GO TO EGYPT.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXXVII.
LONG ISLAND.



"Ya-as, aw," we marked a friend of mine to me: "this is the celebrated Long Island, which is supposed to have maw waterwing and salubwious places than any othah section of the country."

I gazed wound about, as we watted along in the waylwaytwain, with a view of being stwicken with surpwise and admiration at the glorwious and pwetty landscapes, the existence of which so many people had impressed upon me.

Of course, the opinion of people, with wegard to the attractive feachahs of certain distwicts, may diffah; but I must weally say that aftah almost micwoscopic inspection of the gwound of this Long Island, I failed to discovah anything which gwatified my taste saw the sublime and beautiful.

The pwincipal aw pwoducts of the twact of land appe-ah to be aw sand, welieved he-ah and there by a moderwate-sized twee. It is twue one can see gwass and othah varwieties of vegetation in all dirwectiions; but if you scwatch the surface, or dwag up two or thwee woots, the inevitable sand is plainly visible.

All along the line of waylway there are places of wesort of a gweatah or a lessah gwade of fashion. The furthah one gets fwom New York, the maw pwimitive is the appearance of the villages, until in the neighborhood of the extweme end a fellow would not be surpwised to he-ah that the settlement was first made just about the time that aw Columbus began discovering America.

Long Island is verwy wich in historwical weminiscences. According to the storwies of its inhabitants, some of the gweatest battles of modern times have been fought there; and they all say it is doubtful if the United States of America could remain a nation, were it not faw the existence of this celebrated island. Some of the natives dwess in the same mannah, I should judge, as was the fashion among the peasantry in Gweat Bwitain at the perwiod of William the Conquerwah.

Their food and their mode of life are, fwom my cursowry observation, quite as unatwactive, indigestible and disagweeable. Their houses are bwoken-down wooden huts, and are obviously erwected fwom plans and specifications that were erwanged at the time the Dwuids wuled the woad.

But although the majorwity of places on Long Island are wotten and in wuins, and there is no life throughout the place, yet I dessay, undah certain conditions, there is a fai-ah amount of salubwity in the atmosphere, also plenty of wollaahs and bwreakahs of salt watah to bathe in, and above all an unlimited numbah of aw mosquitos, which decorwate the skin in an undesirwable mannah.

By the way, the system of waylway communication is odd and orwiginal. The twains wun along and west when they feel wearwied, wegardless of time-tables or Bwadshaw; and therewah it is not advisable to be angwy and impatient if there is any delay in weaching one's aw destination.

It may be asked why I have twoubled myself to wite about the uninterwesting peculiarwities of Long Island, where I do not weside or west durwing the Summah. My weason is that I think it wight to inspect othah and inferwi-ah places as well as those that have the benefit of the pwesence of myself and Mrs. Fitznoodle.

I have not made comparwisons with forweign waterwing-places, because I have not been able to discovah any sub-ject faw comparwison in any weigion on Long Island aw.

AMUSEMENTS.

"One of the Finest" is Gus Williams's cut-rate ticket for Chicago. It will be taken up there on the 28th inst.

"The Snake Charmer" has succeeded "Olivette," at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, with Selina Dolaro and the regular company.

Charlotte Thompson will appear in her new version of "Jane Eyre," at the WINDSOR THEATRE, next Monday for one week.

Mary Anderson will "knock out" the "Legitimate" in seven rounds (one a matinee), at the BROOKLYN PARK THEATRE, beginning September 25th, Markiss o' Kentucky rules.

Maria Vanoni, Mme. Adelaide de Smidt and the Tyrolean National Singers are warbling, at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL, in conjunction with an orchestra under the musical direction of F. W. Zaulig.

Where is the man who has the power and skill to stem the torrent of a woman's will? He does not exist, especially if she will insist upon going to the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE to the 999th performance of "Esmeralda" in an iced atmosphere, and he's obliged to take her.

DALY'S THEATRE opened its preliminary season last week with the "Passing Regiment," now acted by this company over three hundred times. The theatre has been re-decorated, and the performance is quite up to the usual standard of excellence. "Mankind" is in preparation, and will shortly be produced.

Beginning September 4th, there will be a beautiful invasion of fair dancers consigned to the Kirsly Brothers. Mlle. de Gillert, from the Alhambra Palace, London, will be the chief, and Mlle. Bossi, de Bajelta and Touri her associates and confederates. Beauty will show its superiority over brains, beginning, saith the seer, in Boston.

A thing of beauty and a joy for certainly two hours—to say nothing of the subsequent pleasures of memory—is the children's "Patience," at WALLACK'S. Everybody goes to see it, and having done so, forthwith desires to go again. The innocent faces of the boys and girls, their fresh young voices, their earnest demeanor, and their freedom from conventionality make them exceedingly interesting. In their mouths Mr. Gilbert's "precious nonsense" seems to have a fresh zest, and Mr. Sullivan's music an added charm. There can be but one opinion concerning the youngster who appears as *Grosvenor*—Master Harry Hamblin—and that is that he is the most delightful representation of the character that has yet been seen. He looks as lovely as one of Sanzio's angels, and sings like a real live cherub. It is to be hoped that the adulation and applause the boy nightly receives will not turn his head. The children, however, are in good hands, and their welfare—both on and off the stage—is jealously guarded by Mr. James C. Scanlan and Mr. John Braham, the managers, who are indefatigable in their efforts to conduce to the comfort of their young charges. Performances of "Patience" are given every evening, and at the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Now the children are coming back to town there will be a general rush to see the small *Bunthorne* and *Grosvenor*, the boy dragons and the miniature maidens.

DE WAR IN EGYPT.

Egypt' kickin' up er row—

Pullin' on de trigger!

F-r-e-e-z-e, my honey, to de plow,

Foot er yell, ole nigger!

Cotton ain't gwine hab no show

Whar de people 's fightin'!

Grass is gwinter to walk de row

Sen' de crop er-kin'!

Ebberbody on dis side

Make er mighty tussle,

Take advantage ob de tide,

Strain de bone and mussle!

Make ole Kit mule plum' de line,

Keep ole Pete er-prancin'!

Set yer head ter cut er shine,

Keep dem hoes er-dancin'!

Prices going up atter while—

Make de nigger "fussy";

Make him feel so happy, chile,

Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy, mussy!

BOB MCGEE.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Go to Mt. Desert, dress up as a highwayman, and stop her.

ANGELICA.—If you want to be an angel, pray don't let us delay you. You don't know how sweet oblivion is. But your poem does.

ARABI SMITH.—If you will call at our office, in business hours, to play Alexandria, we will give you a fair idea of the bombardment.

GUSSIE.—No, darling, you have got this thing all wrong. It is not polonaises that are worn shirred; it is eggs. And some of the eggs, Gussie, are more or less worn before they are shirred.

A. T. H.—You ask:
CLEVELAND, August 14th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Have you received anything worse than this?

There was a jolly colonel,

Who in the Springtime volonol

Gazed at the stars etolonol

In their silent rounds diolonol;

But a yaller dog infolone!

Chewed up our jolly colonel. A. T. H.

No.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

AN ANSWER.

The *World* heads an article: "What Freemasons are Doing in this Country and Elsewhere." We profess to know what they are doing much better than the *World* can tell us. Freemasons are still continuing to go through the amusing ceremonies of their regulation circus. They are telling people what amazingly fine fellows they are, and what an awful secret they have wrapped up carefully in their breasts, and how stocks would fall, and what a general break-up there would be in the face of nature if the terrible mystery were to leak out.

The Master of the Lodge is hammering away with that gavel of his as if he were trying to mash Croton bugs. He and the other officers are wearing queer collars and cuffs, ornamented with all kinds of building implements.

A man is outside the lodge-door with a drawn sword that won't cut.

Masons are preparing candidates for initiation into the delectable and intellectual organization by divesting the misguided creatures of all money and metal, by leaving their right arms, left breasts and left knees bare, their right heels slipshod, blind-folding them and putting a noose round their necks as if they were about to jump into the Saccharine Subsequently. They are leading them into the Lodge with a drawn sword pointing to their breasts, after having given notice of their approach by three loud knocks. They are making them swear that they will never divulge any of the sweet truths of the order under penalty of undergoing a variety of dissection operations.

They are giving grips and signs and words. They are telling them that they must not forget *Boaz*, *Jachin*, *Tubal*, *Cain*, the sacred and paralyzing *Mahabone*, and the melancholy catastrophe that befell the ancient boss stone-mason Hiram Abiff, Esq., in consequence of the treacherous behavior of Messrs. Jubelo, Jubela and Jubelum, who were hod-carriers at the building of Mr. King Solomon's Temple.

They are also initiating candidates into other interesting degrees, the exercises and penalties of which are of a more or less complicated character. They are dressing themselves up in queer toggery, and labeling themselves Royal Arch Masons. They are attiring themselves in a still queerer uniform, consisting of a cocked hat with ostrich feathers, a tunic, a sword, and a French fatigue cap hanging from their belt.

These exalted creatures, with their square, double, triangle and intricate evolutions are thinking how very much they resemble the Knight Templers of old, and what a blasphemous travesty they are making of a religion that commands the respect of many thousand people.

Freemasons are also holding grand lodges and conventions whereat an enormous amount of highly important business is supposed to be transacted, which business consists in bestowing funny titles on weak-minded men, and giving them the privilege of trailing all the letters of the alphabet after their names for the remainder of their existence.

Freemasons also are enjoying a vast amount of junketing, are indulging in the cup that both cheers and inebriates, and are discussing the profound impression that their choice proceedings make upon the non-Masonic portion of the public.

They are likewise busily engaged in giving permission to deserving Masonic brothers in distress to starve at leisure, said brothers not happening to be members of their particular lodge; or if they are helping them it is to the extent of about as much as would go in the jaws of an undersized mosquito.

Freemasons, too, are devoting a considerable portion of their time to abusing men who are not Masons, who laugh at their variety acts and sublime child's play.

They are letting the world know that there are such institutions as Masonic Orphan Asylums, which have all the worst faults of sectarian schools and asylums—for the follies and shams of Masonry make in themselves the most pernicious kind of bigoted sectarianism.

Finally, Freemasons are devoting much of their time to "prevaricating" about the system in asserting that it teaches charity to all, which means fifty cents worth of charity to a Freemason only when he has paid his five dollars worth of dues the day before.

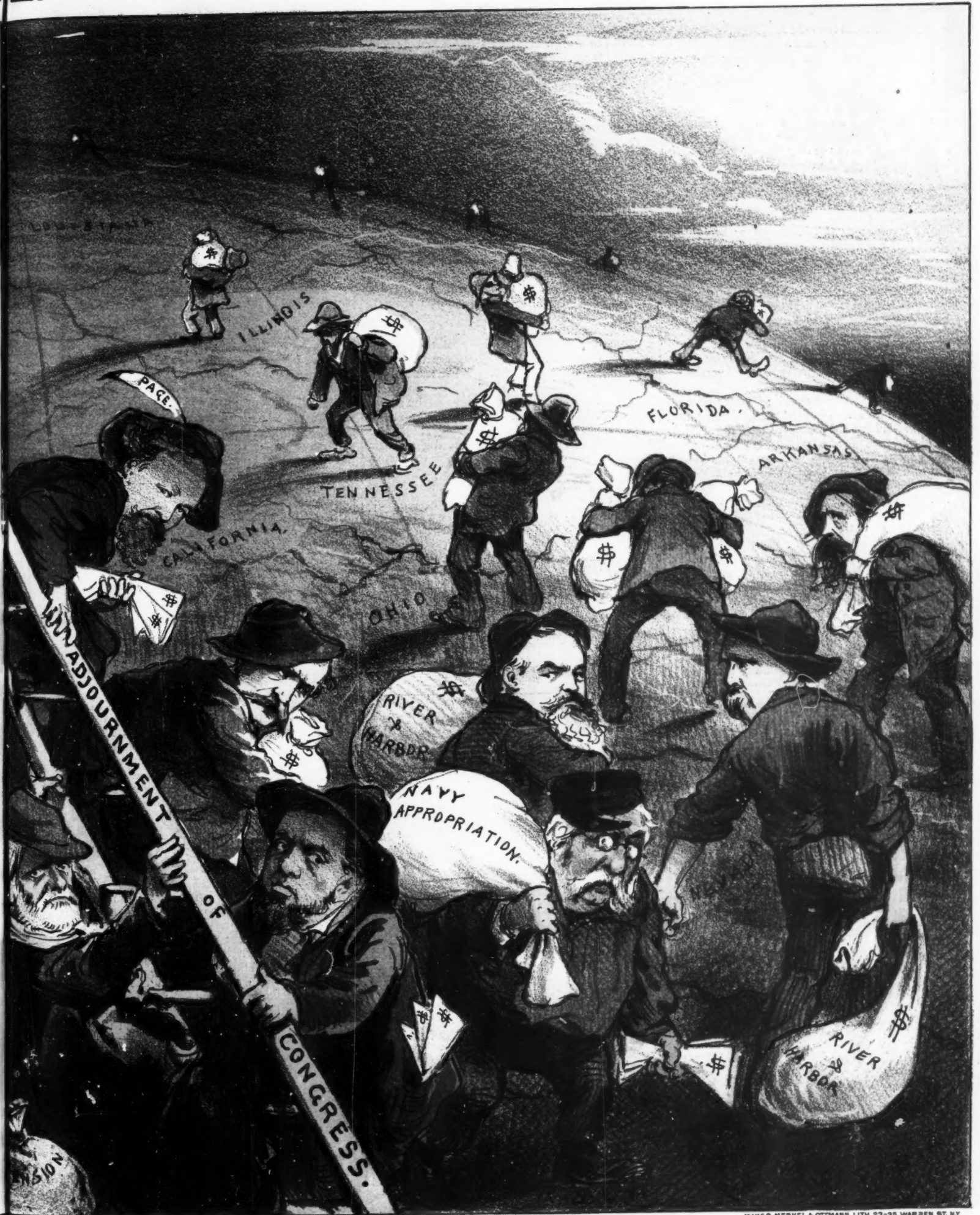
These are some of the things that Freemasons are doing.

PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882, that unparalleled, incomparable and unclipsed Watering-Place Guide and Cure for Malaria, is now in its Third Edition, and will very soon be in its Fourth. Lovers of pure fun are running like a woman's tongue to secure it. Samuel J. Tilden reads it for his health, Charles Francis Adams flies to it when his natural iciness is unequal to the task of cooling him off. Arabi Bey peruses it to cheer him up. He says he can Seymour circus in it than he got in the late bombardment of Alexandria, in which he made such a smart Alec of himself. Other celebrated people read it for reasons which we must not publish, but retain as a guarantee of good faith. Price 25 cents.



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

CONGRESSION
POLICEMAN PUCK TO UNCLE SAM



MAYER MERKEL & OTTMANN LITH 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

SESSION CRACKSMEN.
UNCLE SAM: "This is the work of Professionals!"

SEA-SIDE MEDLEY.

LONG BRANCH, August 10th, 1882.

I don't take my pen in hand to write this because my ink is weary. It is very much like the old tranquil pond out in the woods—the old pond into whose bosom you dip for a fish, and fetch up an old hoop-skirt or a tin can, while a cat-bird squawks in the dog-wood hard by. My ink is thick enough to stop the leak in the roof, or put a nice polish on the kitchen range. My ink always gets into this condition when I am four miles from a stationer's and haven't a lead pencil. And when I have a lead pencil, my knife is always in the pocket of the last borrower; and I have to hack the pencil with a pair of scissors and work the lead down to a fine point on the hearth-stone.

And when it attains the desired point the point always breaks off, and keeps breaking off until the pencil gets as small as a poet's income; and I have to hold it in a pair of pincers and make weird faces to get it to perform its functions anything like half properly.

I am writing this exquisite literary gem on the arm of an old-fashioned rocking-chair, and the wind is blowing so hard that I move backward and forward at a fearful rate. Sea-sickness takes very kindly to me, and I can't stand much motion, and I must stick to the rocking-chair because the others are without those peculiar flat arms that look like farmers' feet. That's my excuse for calling for a little rye to destroy the effects of the rock.

The waiter produces it. The waiter is a very thin man. You might put mucilage on his back and stick him to the wall like a postage stamp. But then no one could enter the room without falling over his feet. He has to carry shot in his clothes to keep him on the ground when the wind blows; and he would fall down into his shirt, if it were not for his ears catching across his standing collar. He is a contortionist, too. He can wind one leg spirally around the

other, dance a jig with both feet in his vest pockets, and grab flies off the back of his head with his teeth. He can open clams, brush his hair and shave himself with his feet. And every time he walks he looks as though he were going to break or fall apart. If a good-sized Jersey mosquito should get at this waiter, it wouldn't leave enough of him to make a cake of toilet soap.

Whenever you write on a piazza, the wind gets up just sufficient steam to blow your pages up in the trees, as you fill them with words. Some men would get a wider circulation in this than in any other way. But the wind isn't blowing at present; it is probably because I have no hat on. This is a fine old piazza, but it doesn't quite enrapture Spice, who has just been thrown into the hammock. Spice is a terrier. He is an odd, good-natured animal, whose chief delight is in eating candy and causing one ear to stand up straight while the other lies down on his teeth. Both ears are never on duty at once. There are two other dogs, Tricks, who will run for his life on the smallest provocation, and Muggins, familiarly known as the blue-fish, on account of the shape and color of his head. Just rake any or all of the three on the back with a stick, and their eyes will stand out, and they will dig at their ribs with their hind legs as though executing banjo solos. They make very nice pen-wipers, and if they were only as thin as the waiter, they would do to clean bottles and lamp-chimneys with. And it is difficult to say which is the loveliest sight to see, the blue-fish trying to pick caramels out of his teeth with his tongue, Spice catching potato-bugs with his ears, or Tricks running for dear life and the hole under the barn.

And perhaps there isn't a pretty young lady on the piazza; and perhaps she isn't the best waltzer at the Branch; and perhaps she hasn't the daintiest figure on the beach; and perhaps she doesn't know how to look at you success-

fully over the flossed top of a fan; and perhaps she isn't tony; and perhaps this is her father coming; and I have been around here so much that he may walk out with a gun and ask me if I think he is running a hotel, and the next minute I'll be running for my life. The piazza isn't very high to jump from, but it would be too great a distance to travel head-first. And yet I am told her father is so good-natured that men who have met him at five o'clock have borrowed money from him at 5:10. Yet I think I'll go next door where I board.

"I guess this bill's wrong."

"No, that's right," replies Lauch's waiter.

"Go over it again."

Waiter goes over it, and replies:

"It's all right."

"I'm not electioneering for a fat office."

"But those are the regular prices."

"What did I have?"

"Two soft shell crabs."

"Oh, well, that's all right. Put that down and give me a receipt. I'll sell it to a museum."

"What's wrong about it?" asks the waiter.

"Nothing; only as I was paying the price of a piano, I naturally tried to recall the piano and how it tasted. I know there was nothing grand or upright about it, and you have struck me to the tune of so many notes that you ought to have your ivories pounded, and a lot of keys and a dog turned on you.—Sounding-boards, pedals, strings, music-rack, rubber cover and everything else thereunto appertaining, to have and to hold the same unto the said party of the second part, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever, and the said Julia being by me examined separately and apart from her said husband did further testify that—oh, where am I? Put a cake of ice on my head. Police!

R. K. M.

STILL ANOTHER.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I hear a great deal about the Elephant Jumbo and his enormous strength. As the President of the leading Oilymargarine Manufacturing Company in America, I challenge Mr. P. T. Barnum to back his elephant for strength against half a ton of Oilymargarine of my manufacture, for \$2,500 a side. The match to take place in any state of the Union, except in the vicinity of Hunter's Point.

SLIMY SLUSHBUCKET,
President Dead Horse Rendering Company.

THE THING a woman never forgets to do is to try to read the post-office mark on a letter before she opens it. She will turn it upside down and look obliquely along its surface, and do everything in her power to make it out. Then if the indications are that it differs from the name of the town at the top of the letter, she grows frantic with excitement, and doesn't fairly get over it for days.

SINCE THE MILLS-LUTY midnight marriage at Long Beach, the number of young and eligibly-escorted ladies who have been trying to miss the last train has largely increased.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG.—The gods do not love Spring chickens.

A SOFT THING FOR THE TRAMP.



THE REVIVAL OF TURPINISM IN MOUNT DESERT.

TRUE LOVE'S COURSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.—BY ARTHUR LOT.

CANTO FIFTH.

GUM-DROPS.¹

Argument.—In this canto you'll observe that Guy Earlscount had the "nerve,"² though it tells you little more than that he went to the shore of the ocean deep and grand for the work he had in hand.

When you to the ocean go, from New York of course you know, even if you're *bon ton* style, you will haste to Coney Isle.³ There it was that Earlscount went with the maid, to whom he meant to confess her charming face in his breast had found a place; and he meant when he had told of his love to grow more bold, and down there upon the sand to beseech her hand.⁴ Then, at Coney by the sea, they sat down, both he and she, and in accents low, but clear, soft he whispered in her ear, while the ocean deep did roar how he did her face adore, and then she—but, is not it plainly in this canto writ? Would it not be quite absurd to write here another word?⁵

The balmy air of July day
Swept softly over New York Bay,
Impelled by Southern wind;⁶
The sun was in the Western sky;
The clouds, that floated far on high,
Were all with silver lined;⁷
The Eastern sky was pale and cold;
The West, a mass of liquid gold,
Was filled with mystic shapes;
The clouds formed here a mountain peak,
And there a sea or winding creek,
Or isles or bays or capes;⁸
The waters tossing in the bay,
Lit by the sun's expiring ray,
Swept out with falling tide;⁹
While wearing a white Summer tile,¹⁰
And rigged out in the latest style,
Our hero sailed for Coney Isle
With Lida by his side.

The steamboat deftly held its way
Straight down the stream toward the bay,

¹ We believe they are considered higher-toned than "taffy," either "old-fashioned molasses taffy" or "Everton."—Editor.

² We do not know why the author has used quotation marks here; it strikes us that the word is legitimately used in the sense intended by the author. Similar uses of the word can be found in the title of the old play: "The Man of Nerve and the Nervous Man," and in the refrain of the negro minstrel melody: "The nerve, the nerve, the nerve, oh, ain't we got the nerve?"—Editor.

³ If the author is a New Yorker, he should know that the name Coney Isle is now almost invariably applied to that part of the island which is not visited by the upper ten. Stylish people go either to Brighton or Manhattan, you know.—Editor.

⁴ An unpleasant place, in our opinion, to drop on one's knees.—Editor.

⁵ We are not quite sure, but we believe that there is too much mystery about the endings of this author's arguments.—Editor.

⁶ The prevailing winds in New York Bay during the Summer are undoubtedly Southern. We have often wished that they would come from the North Pole, but we must give the author due credit for having been true to Nature.—Editor.

⁷ That idea can be found in Byron or Shakspeare or Scott, g. v.—Editor.

⁸ We may be mistaken, but we think the author here shows just a little of the divine afflatus. Poetry, however, is like Havana cigars: you never can be quite certain that you have found the genuine article.—Editor.

⁹ We believe "tile" is used in America as an equivalent for "plug," but it is not common. It strikes us that in this and the following three lines there is a great falling off in the sentiment. It almost seems as if the author had taken the step from the sublime to—but then we do not wish to judge a writer rashly.—Editor.

WHERE THE STAR ROUTERS ARE SAFE.



JUSTICE:—"I SHALL NEVER CATCH THEM SO LONG AS MY EYES ARE BANDAGED IN THIS MANNER, THAT'S SURE!"

Past ships, which thick at anchor lay¹¹
Upon the river's breast,
Past Staten Island, clad in green,¹²
And past the distant Quarantine¹³
To where the sea-waves crest;
Then, breaking well the ocean's tide,
The steamer soon drew up beside
The Coney Island pier,¹⁴
Which, built upon the fickle sand,
Still boldly seems the storms to stand
Of ocean dark and drear.¹⁵
Then Guy, with Lida at his side,
Along the pier-deck swiftly hied
Unto the sands above the tide,
Fair Coney's solid land,¹⁶
And hurried past each hut and booth,
And past each peddling man and youth,
Each pail and peanut stand,
And past the restaurants and shows,
And past the wooden horse that goes,
And wooden cow, from which milk flows
When purchasers approach,
And o'er the plaza Cable boasts,
And past the spot where clams they roast
Unto an ancient coach;¹⁷

¹¹ The author describes the trip briefly and yet minutely. Every New Yorker will recall the sail down the Hudson and the upper bay, where the water is crowded with vessels of every kind and clime.—Editor.

¹² We do not think the author has any reference to the green scum which floats on Staten Island's malarial ponds, but to the island's green hills. However, they do say that, unless you shake Staten Island's acquaintance it will shake you.—Editor.

¹³ The reference is, of course, to the Lower Quarantine. Most people think it is one of those places to the view of which distance lends enchantment.—Editor.

¹⁴ We think, now that we have embalmed the pier in verse, the owners of it should present us the freedom of their pier in a gold snuff-box.—Editor.

¹⁵ We like the turn of expression here. The pier, built on fickle sand, boldly breasting the storms of the ocean, is as pretty a poetical picture as a clothes-line of shirts defying the angry wind.—Editor.

¹⁶ Evidently Coney's solid land isn't a symbol of solidity. We are told that the hotels think nothing of having their front yards carried away by a storm. There's compensation, however, even for that. If you lose your front yard during one storm, just as like as not, when the next storm rages, some other fellow's front yard will be landed on your premises. The owner will never come for it, on account of the difficulty of identifying it.—Editor.

¹⁷ The visitor to Coney, by way of the pier, will undoubtedly recognise the places described by the author. We ourselves mourn for divers ten-cent pieces dropped there.—Editor.

Then, riding in that coach, they hied
By road built near the ocean's side,¹⁸
And Brighton soon did glee,
But, as they meant not here to stay,
They hurried in the cars away¹⁹
Unto Manhattan Beach.

And here they strolled upon the sand,²⁰
And watched the eager, laughing band
That sported, full of life and glee,
Within the bosom of the sea;²¹
And laughed when oft the swelling tide
Far up the beach would slowly glide,
And, rushing back with motion fleet,
Sweep careless bather from his feet,²²
Who, sputt'ring foam, would blindly grope
To find the life-protecting rope.²³

And, when the evening shadows came,

¹⁸ As a lady afflicted with a mania for writing doggerel once remarked to us when we were riding in that place: "The coachman's horse will trot, of course, on the concourse," which wasn't poetry, but was decidedly true.—Editor.

¹⁹ The road on which you pay five cents to ride one minute.—Editor.

²⁰ Ah, the blissful hours we have passed strolling on the sand with lovely maidens! What visions of delight the words Long Branch, Newport, Cape May and Coney Island call up before our mind's eye! We can remember once at Newport. Her father owned a cottage by the sea. Drives upon the road! Beach at moonlight, strolling side by side! Ah, it might have been! Unfortunately one evening a bull strolled behind us, having escaped from his pasture. We frankly admit that we are afraid of bulls to whom we have not been regularly introduced. We ran at the top of our speed, leaving Genevieve to do likewise. Ah, Genevieve, perhaps you did the correct thing in sending us a savage letter of dismissal, but why did you not explain how you escaped from the cow?—Editor.

²¹ Poetically the author may be right, but we hardly think splashing in water two feet deep can be called sporting in the bosom of the sea.—Editor.

²² Well, it is fun to see the undertow upset the bathers, especially the fat old women who will bathe in the ocean, although they have figures like sacks of grain. Many of the old girls, however, are too smart for the undertow; they sit down on the sand, and then they are immovable.—Editor.

²³ Those people who are the most afraid of water seem to be the most successful in filling their mouths and stomachs with sea-water whenever the waves happen to sweep over their heads. Of course we know that salt water is not a pleasant thing to drink, but the lonesome expression on the countenances of those people, as their heads come out of the water, does not lead to sympathy.—Editor.

And Western heaven lost the flame
The setting sun had cast;²²
Guy with the maiden by his side
Unto the broad piazza hied
Before the hotel vast,
And, sitting there they dined at ease,
Fanned by the ocean's evening breeze
That swept up o'er the sand;²⁴
And, as they sipped their chosen wine,
They listened to the music fine
Discoursed there by the band,
Which, encored oft, played o'er and o'er
Seraphic strains from "Pinafore"²⁵
Or gems from "Olivette":²⁶
For music most of us will please,
As we sit idly at our ease
Just after we have eaten.²⁶

At last, grown weary of the band,
Once more our hero sought the strand
And by the waters strolled;²⁷
And there, with Lida by his side,
They watched the rising of the tide,
As high the ocean rolled,
Or gazed far out into the gloom,
To where they could see dimly loom,
Beyond the bay, the Heights;²⁸
On which there gleamed, clear to their
view,
Like double star, in heaven's blue,
The Jersey Highland lights.²⁹
Then, having strolled upon the sand
Far from the spot where played the band
To where few people stray,
They found a bench hid from the light,
They found a bench quite out of sight,
Yet near to the pathway.³⁰
The twain sat down there side by side;
No sound was heard, save as the tide
Rolled up upon the sandy shore
With ocean deep and sullen roar,³¹
Or as the music seemed quite near,
When now and then unto the ear
Some notes, quite piercing in their tone,

²² Now that isn't a bad way of saying that evening had come. Why, in our youthful days, a poet would have said:

The dark-winged messengers of gloomy night
Gave token of their dreary lord's approach,
Or words to that effect.—Editor.

²⁴ Of course you've been there. What, never? There's that infernal "Pinafore." Well, you'd better embrace the first opportunity and visit the beaches. Oh, how delightful are the meals eaten with dainty maidens on those piazzas! Don't forget to brace your pocketbook before you start, for somehow down there the girls tuck the food away.—Editor.

²⁵ Seraphic! The author must have spent the last few years in Kalamazoo or in jail. We know that we had to buy off the regular organ man on our block, because every tune in his box was taken from "Pinafore."—Editor.

²⁶ If we were a composer we should dislike to have our music judged by experts who had just eaten a hearty meal. Somehow, it seems to us, there is something ethereal about music which there isn't about corned beef and cabbage.—Editor.

²⁷ We are not quite sure, but it strikes us that the author obtained that idea from the old song: "And Pharaoh's Daughter Went Down to the Water," but no matter.—Editor.

²⁸ Every one who has been to Coney Island has watched the Jersey Highlands, and such persons will appreciate the author's graphic description.—Editor.

²⁹ That simile seems just a little far-fetched. In reality the lights look like a couple of number eight candles stuck up on broomsticks.—Editor.

³⁰ That's it, and now for business. Ah, many a time have we strolled just that way, apparently as innocent as a lamb and yet watching for a quiet and secluded nook. Once we had found what looked like a delightful place. We sat down on the beach, we gently put our arm around her waist, we drew her softly toward us, we looked unutterable things in her eyes and, in our tenderest tones, we began: "Darling Amanda—" when, from beneath the seat rolled a dirty-looking tramp who had been sleeping there. We hurried away with Amanda, but, alas, such opportunities do not come twice to the same man!—Editor.

³¹ That's the way it should be done. Courting is serious business, and should be done in places which suggest sentiment.—Editor.

Were by the rising breezes blown;³²
The moon, now rising on the scene,
Spread o'er the waves a silvery sheen;
The thousand lamps that glimmered bright
Around the hotels on the sand,
Seen from afar seemed like a sight
By magic brought from fairy land;
And there they sat, as moments fled,
And, as the evening nightward sped,
They told, in accents low and soft,
That story that's been told so oft.³³

At first Guy chatted of the deep,
Which they could see so slowly creep
High up upon the sand;³⁴

And then he talked about the lights
And of the manifold delights
Of music by a band,

And then he chatted, as men do,
Of everything both old and new,
That came into his head;³⁵

But soon impassioned words did flow
In rapid, rushing stream, although
He scarce knew what he said,
Yet as he spoke her lovely eyes,
Which showed no signal of surprise,³⁶
His burning passion fed.

"Oh, Lida, list," 'twas thus he spoke,
"To tale of passion you've awoke
Within a heart that's tried and true,
Within a heart that loves but you."³⁷
For weary weeks for you I've yearned,
For weary weeks my heart has burned
With flames of love. Give me your heart!
Oh, say we never more shall part!
Oh, say that not in vain I sue!
Oh, say that I'm beloved by you!"³⁸
He seized her hand, so soft and white;
He gazed into her eyes so bright;
Upon her face there came a smile
That showed her happiness, and while
Her dainty form he gently pressed,
Her lovely head drooped on his breast;

³² Music will deceive you as to its location sometimes. Quite a number of times we have risen from our couch at midnight and stolen with our boot in our hand to our window, only to find that the cat, whose melodious strains had aroused us, was singing to the moon on a fence three or four houses below us.—Editor.

³³ Certainly it has been often told, and, unless the earth retires precipitately from her business of whirling around the sun, it will still be told on numerous occasions. Did you ever think that the Esquimaux of the frozen North, the Hottentots of the burning South, the wild Indians of the spreading West, the Chinamen of the teeming East, and the white people of Europe and America are all constantly engaged in this love business? It's a universal accomplishment.—Editor.

³⁴ That's a long way from the subject, but different men of course have different methods. We once knew a man who, when he came to borrow a saw, would tell you his history and his wife's history, and his method of educating his children.—Editor.

³⁵ We feel bound to say that we never acted in that way. When we made up our mind to plunge into matrimony we always began at once with: "Dearest Clara,inda" or "Amanda" or "Genevieve," as the case might be. To be sure we were not very successful, but we have had a vast deal of experience in proposing and love-making generally.—Editor.

³⁶ We do not believe that any reader expected that Lida would be surprised by Guy's proposal. Generally girls know what they are led to those secluded nooks for. We recollect that we really surprised a girl once under similar circumstances, but then we had not been looking for a quiet nook. In fact it was on a Saturday afternoon, and we had gone with a party to examine a newly-built church. While the others of the party remained down stairs Clara—delightful name—and we went to the organ-loft. We strolled behind the organ, and, as we were desperately in love with her, we proposed. She was really surprised, but she recovered her presence of mind very promptly and gave us the cold shoulder.—Editor.

³⁷ Our dictionary of poetical quotations is not at hand, but, if that is not copied, it's a very neat beginning for such a speech. We don't believe we could do better ourselves, even with the aid of a rhyming dictionary.—Editor.

³⁸ If that fellow wasn't guying that girl, there is plenty of the proper kind of gush about that speech. If we had been making it, we'd have made it just a trifle longer.—Editor.

He clasped her waist—his task was done;
He kissed her lips—the maid was won.³⁹
What lover speaks in lover's ears,
So low that no one even hears,
No one but lover knows.⁴⁰
What joy there is in tender sighs,⁴¹
What rapture in soft looks from eyes
Are only known to those
Who, having loved some maiden dear,
Have softly whispered in her ear
A tale of love, oft spoke in fear,⁴²
A tale of love she's yearned to hear.⁴³
Fair Lida leaned upon Guy's breast,
While he her yielding form close pressed;
Sometimes she spoke, sometimes her eyes,
With passion lit, flashed back replies;
Sometimes (and oft) their new-found bliss
Expression found in tender kiss.⁴⁴
They loved, and there the youth and maid
Forever would have gladly stayed;⁴⁵
But warning whistle from the train
Bade them to hasten home again.⁴⁶

³⁹ Ah, we envy the rascal! The author, it strikes us, must have had some experience. No fellow can spell out from his inner consciousness how that sort of thing should be done in style. *Experientia docet*. We ourselves made a terrible mess of our first proposal, but our subsequent ones were models.—Editor.

⁴⁰ Don't he? Why the girl scarcely gets her wraps off at home before she tells the whole business to her sister, and on the following morning it is detailed, with innumerable "he said" and "I said" to her bosom friend. Oh, we know, because in our younger days we boarded in a house, the keeper of which had six daughters.—Editor.

⁴¹ My dear fellow we are with you there. We sigh even now as we think of how delightful the sighs of gentle maidens have sounded in our ears. We were deceived once, however. We once loved a very fat girl, and, as we sat on the piazza in the moonlit Summer evenings, she would utter sigh after sigh. We were delighted until we found they were caused by the fact that she had eaten too much.—Editor.

⁴² There are timid lovers, of course; but, if young men would only adopt our formula: "Lucy, I love you," they could blurt it out before their courage had a decent chance to ooze away.—Editor.

⁴³ We do not hesitate to say that in our opinion, even if a girl intends to give you the grand bounce, she wants you to propose. It's a sort of personal triumph which she particularly enjoys. Girls keep an account of their proposals just as the wild Indian of the plain keeps a record, by the number of notches on his tomahawk, of the scalps he has taken.—Editor.

⁴⁴ All that is very nice, and we congratulate the author upon his experiences, for, as we said before, a fellow cannot write about such things with such scrupulous accuracy unless he has had experience.—Editor.

⁴⁵ That's always the first feeling, but it wears off. In fact, we understand that a large number of young ladies intend to petition Congress to change the honeymoon to the honeymoon.—Editor.

⁴⁶ That's the chief objection to Coney Island as a place for making proposals; you are compelled to go home on the last train. You can't stay out skimming around and sucking nectar from your darling's lips till the wee sma' hours have come.—Editor.

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THE Democrats of Ohio say they "can see a majority ahead next November." Oh, yes, to be sure they can. It's there, but it's on the other side. That is what makes it look so far ahead.

A PENNSYLVANIA man committed suicide last week by hanging himself to a door. We rather suspect that he wanted to go out-doors and hang himself to a tree, but was afraid if he opened the door he would let in a fly and then his wife would kill him.

STUDENT wants to know what is meant by the word "loot" in the war dispatches. Why, a lute is a thing with strings that you strum with your fingers. Hence, anything you can get your fingers onto, that's loot. For example: You deposit your money in a New Jersey bank. Well, that's loot, but you don't get any of it.

THE ancient Greeks used to call the cook an "archimagirus," and his salary was \$4,000 a year. And even now it isn't at all certain that the ancient cooks possessed the modern secret of frying a piece of liver so that it curls up like a sunburnt shoe-sole, and you can draw blood in the middle and strike fire on the edges of it.

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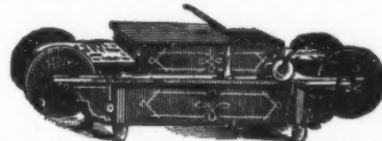
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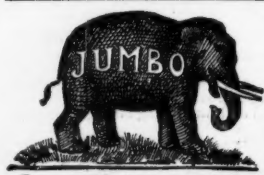
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The unequalled 'Monarch' Cushions which we warrant for 10 years.
Billiard Materials, Cloth, Balls, Cues, &c.,
OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE AND IMPORTATION.

THE J. M. BRUNSWICK & BALKE CO.,
Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and
NEW YORK.

"WILL you please pass the Shem?" asked a
quiet man, at the lunch counter.

"Haven't any!" squealed the girl in at-
tendance.

"Some Japhet?" queried the quiet man
again.

"Don't keep it!" squeaked the damsel.

"I say," chipped in a curious passenger:
"what do you mean by Shem and Japhet?"

"Nothing," responded the little man, dole-
fully: "only the Ham is so old and musty that
I thought the rest of the tribe might be around
here somewhere, and I'd like to see 'em!"—
Drake's Travellers' Magazine.

THEY were burying a man who had died in
southern Indiana, when a tramp leaned over the
fence and inquired:

"Was he a statesman?"

"No."

"Orator?"

"No."

"Poet?"

"No."

"Great inventor, or anything of that sort?"

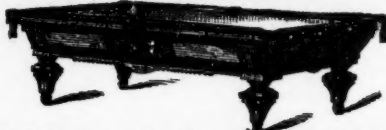
"No; he was simply an honest man."

"Oh, that's it, eh? Why don't his widder
take the body over to Chicago and put it on
exhibition and make a stake?"—*Wall Street
News.*

THE other day a newspaper boy saw a clergy-
man on a train, and believing, by his meek garb
and general look of piety, that he was a poker
sharp looking for a victim, began pouring sen-
sational papers on his lap. And that clergyman
looked rather bewildered when one of his con-
gregation came along and captured him with a
police paper lying half open on his lap.—
Drake's Travellers' Magazine.

A SACRAMENTO merchant uses the "men of
the hour" portraits to illustrate his advertise-
ments. Think of old Gladstone's mug being
utilized as an astonisher for a Summer sock ad!
—*Laramie City Boomerang.*

Thousands of ladies to-day cherish grateful re-
membrances of the help derived from the use of
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send
to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue,
Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

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POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,
with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior
to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.
Good second-hand tables always on hand.

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WITH THIRTY CHANGES OF POSITIONS.
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Crib, Bed or Lounge, combining
beauty, lightness, strength, sim-
plicity and comfort. Everything
to an exact science. Orders by
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PUCK ON WHEELS
Price 25 Cents.



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BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of
exquisite flavor, now used over
the whole world, cures Dyspep-
sia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague,
and all disorders of the Digestive
Organs. A few drops impart a
delicious flavor to a glass of cham-
pagne, and to all summer drinks.
Try it, but beware of counterfeits.
Ask your grocer or druggist for
the genuine article, manufactured
by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT &
SONS.

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Awarded for "Purity"
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ity" by the Centennial
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No connection with
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BITTER WATER**

The most reliable Aperient. Sure cure for Gout, Rheumatism,
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The Oldest and Best of all
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AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
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USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE.
Gilds Frames, Ornaments, Furniture, &c.
Sold by all Paint Dealers and Druggists.
The Cost is Trifling. Circular Free.
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Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.
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STYLES ARE CORRECT!!

Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the U. S.
All Hats manufactured by this house are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world. None genuine without the trademark.

FINE HARNESS. E. F. BECK
& SON,
Newark, N. J.
HAND MADE,
Coach, Coupe, Village Cart and Road Harness.



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**CROWN MAKE
COLLARS & CUFFS**
SOLD BY
LEADING DEALERS.

OUR SCRAP-BOOK PACK.

Put up expressly for Card Collectors. Contains 50 Elegant Large Chromo Advertising Cards. All the new designs complete in sets, embracing Gold, Silver and different bright-colored tints, etc. Price, by mail, postpaid, 25 c. each. Address C. TOLLNER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.



Mark's Adjustable Folding-Chair Co.
were awarded a gold medal at the recent Cotton Exposition, at Atlanta. Send for illustrated catalogue. 850 BROADWAY, N. Y. 221 and 223 STATE STREET, Chicago, Ill.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS.
ALL THE POPULAR STYLES.

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them.

Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest.

Will be mailed to any part of the United States and Canada upon receipt of \$1.25.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS You Can Buy a Whole Imperial Austria 100-FLORINS GOVERNMENT BOND

Issue of 1864.
Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemable in drawings

FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY,

Until each and every bond is drawn, with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw a prize, as there are no blanks. The three highest prizes amount to

**200,000 Florins,
20,000 Florins,
15,000 Florins,**

And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a Premium of not less than **200 Florins.**

The next drawing takes place on the

1st of SEPTEMBER, 1882,

And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of September is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders, sent in registered letters and enclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars, and any other information, address

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No. 150 Broadway, N. Y. City.

[Established in 1874.]

NOTE.—In writing, please state you saw this in the English Puck.

KNOX, THE HATTER'S WORLD RENOWNED

HER NAME.
"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees.
I stooped, and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered: "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny Eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last?" She shook her head.
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said: "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?"
Dust Shiny Eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—is 't just the same
When mama has to scold you?"

"My mama never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing:
"Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says" (the culprit owns),
"Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?"

—Phila. Quiz.

THIS snake story comes from Virginia: "Mr. Peter Reed, of Fauquier County, noticed a little snake about a foot long, and, before killing it, he turned it over with the muzzle of his gun. To his surprise the snake ran up the barrel and he could not get it to come out, so he let it remain. As he was going home he saw a hawk flying overhead, and raised his gun and fired at it. The hawk was not hurt, but, seeing the snake in the air, started toward it and caught it on the fly." Mr. Peter Reed is a brother of a magistrate and a church member, which makes his telling such an infernal lie all the more reprehensible. Still, you can't help admiring his genius.—Somerville Journal.

A SUDDENLY rich and very muscular young man from the oil regions stopped at a sea-side hotel the other day for the first time, and had great difficulty in getting anything to eat. A sympathizing stranger at his elbow whispered: "You will starve here if you don't tip the waiter."

Two minutes afterward the waiter found himself tipped over on to the floor. The young man did not starve.—Philadelphia News.

THERE is a movement on foot among Summer resort landlords, to build larger rooms for their guests. It is actually expected that by another year some of the higher-priced rooms will be big enough for a man to change his shirt in without having to stick his arms and head out of the window.—New Haven Register.

A SOUTH END man calls his wife Crystal because she is always on the watch.—Boston Transcript. If we were disposed to descend to this sort of thing we might add that she called him Crystal because she so often found him broke. There's a chance for a heap of cheap talk on this subject.—Boston Post.

Sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and brain diseases, positively cured by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They contain no opium, quinine or other harmful drug. Sold by druggists.

ENGLISH HATS,
"Martin's" Umbrellas.
"DENTS" GLOVES.
Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY — THE BEST!!

SAVE YOUR PLATED WARE WITH



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DOES NOT ABRASE OR SCRATCH THE SURFACE,
but is the Quickest, Most Effective Polisher in use for Nickel, Silver and Plated Ware, Plate Glass and Show Cases.
Beware of imitations and articles represented as identical with it or as good!

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.



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STEAMSHIP LINE between

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Sailing every Saturday.

Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken
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DONAU, Saturday, Aug. 19th. | WERDER, Saturday, Sept. 2nd.

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First Cabin, \$100; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$30.
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$24.
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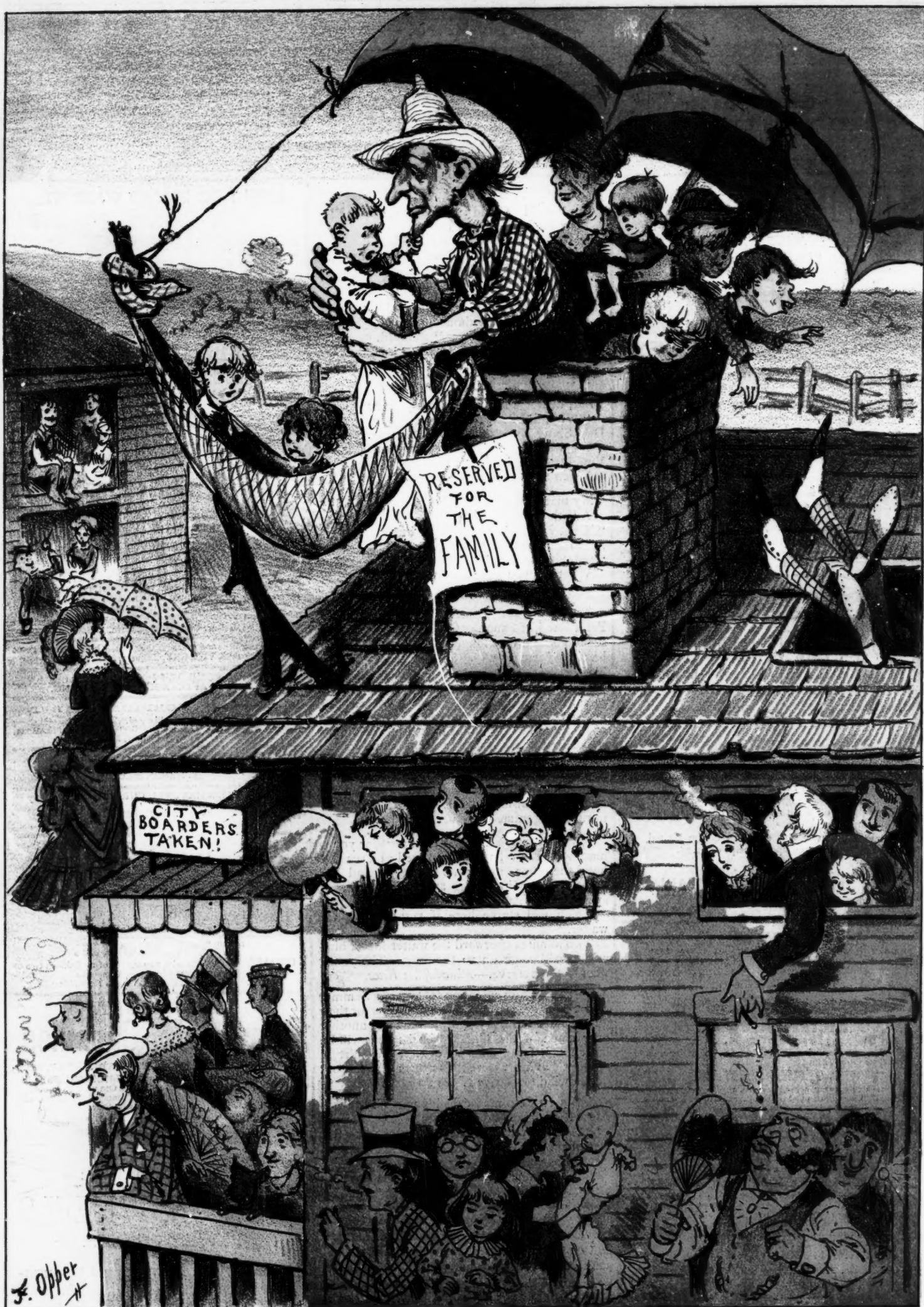


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